FELLOWSHIP IN PRAYER

Volume XVIII, Number 6, December 1967

FELLOWSHIP IN PRAYER

Volume XVIII, Number 6, December 1967

Our purpose: To promote the practice of prayer among all religious faiths whose fundamental belief is in God, regardless of race, creed, or color, and whose tenets include the universal attributes of truth, honesty, justice and mercy, that thereby there may arise a closer relation to Almighty God and a deeper spirit of fellowship among mankind.

CONTENTS

5 The Light of the World *Mark Halpern*

9 The Fir Tree *Grace Bush*

10 A Christmas Blessing *Grace Bush*

11 Rainbow *Marie Transure*

A Lamb of God *Phyllis Malone*

13 Waiting Young And Eager Hands *Clara Sargent Mainwaring*

14 Invisible *Mildred Long*

15 The Developing Synthesis of Religion and Science *Roland Gammon*

22 The Law Of Giving And Receiving *Harry Halsey Starrett*

23 Be Still And Know *Margaret Casselman*

24 Glory To God In The Highest *John H. Armbruster*

25 Yours Is The Power Of God *Marius C. Thode*

31 On Probst's Painting *Peggy Oppenlander*

Hepatica Kids *Peggy Oppenlander*

32 Epitaph *Carla Patsuris*

33 Israel *Carla Patsuris*

Silent Night *Carla Patsuris*

34 Directional Signal *Pollyanna Sedziol*

The Means To Might *Alice Kay Rogers*

35 Notices and Comments

THERE COMES A TIME...

As the year draws to a close, we make the following report to our friends and ask their support.

It is now almost two decades since FELLOWSHIP IN PRAYER was founded by Carl A. Evans, a man dedicated to helping others achieve a closer relationship with God through the practice of prayer.

Building on the foundation bequeathed by Mr. Evans, the guiding spirits of FELLOWSHIP IN PRAYER—its staff of advisors, editors, and trustees—have been blessed and encouraged by friends who through contributions in various forms have supplied the bricks and mortar to keep on building. To these friends we are sincerely thankful.

There comes a time, however, when the upkeep of a building, let alone the continuation of its growth, becomes a problem. Costs increase with the years. Income must grow. And FIP, which carries no advertising, depends on its subscription-list to provide this additional income. In other words, our growth depends on the ever-widening circle of our readers.

Knowing our friends, we do not hesitate to ask those of all faiths to donate, in the cause of prayer, as much as they can afford in the way of subscriptions (only three dollars for the six issues of every year), gift subscriptions to friends (for the sake of which a blank is enclosed in this issue), and out-and-out gifts of money.

EDITORIAL

There always was snow. Sometimes it came up to the windows of the bedroom. It lay—like ruffles blown off the freshly-laundered curtains—on the floor. Its silence was as much of a visitor as Grandpa and Grandma ("Roll over, Papa. You're snoring!") in the guestroom, as the various aunts and uncles "put up" on sofas and cots and arrangements of chairs downstairs, as the tree which we all knew we would find, decorated, in the corner of the dining-room. . . .

Lying in our beds, we detected the tree's scent, green and pungent and pure. The scent wakened us—we children, brothers and sisters and our cousins from the country plus somebody's boy who had arrived late on Christmas Eve looking pale, almost snowy, with sleepiness: even he was awake, very blue-eyed though shy. . .

But we were not the first to get awake. Someone was in the kitchen. Mother. Or Grandma. Or Aunt T. Or all three, all three already wearing their full-length aprons, already busy with "the bird," as Grandma called the turkey, the biggest anyone ever saw, Grandma singeing out the last and most stubborn pin-feathers, Mother making the stuffing, which was her speciality, Aunt T. the giblet gravy, which was hers. They tried to be quiet in order not to rouse us, in order to have an hour of their day's work done before we arrived to open our presents. . . .

No use. All of us were awake, and even our bossiest cousin did not try to make us go back to sleep again. Forming a troop, we tip-toed down the just-waxed stairs. . . .

Someone, probably Aunt T., who was the most concerned

with our delights and treats, overheard us and slipped into the dining-room and turned on the tree lights before we could open the double doors. . . .

And then there it was—its tinsel star seeming to touch the ceiling, its loops and drapes of tinsel shining silver and gold under the many-colored lights, the old-fashioned balls agleam, blue and green and red but mostly red—the tree—ours. . . .

My brother did an Indian-dance of happiness.

Someone—I think it was the shy stranger—said, "Hurray!"

We all sat down on the floor and started opening our gifts, tearing off the red satin ribbon and the white tissue-paper, while the grown-ups filed in as if they were entering a church (though they wore their bathrobes, and Grandpa had merely wrapped a crazy-quilt around his striped pajamas) and sat on one of the dining chairs or stood along the wall and smiled down at us as contentedly as if each of us, even the bossy cousin, who wore her black hair as if it were something too rare and expensive for any of the rest of us to own, and even the stranger, were—in some way we could not then understand—another little Lord Jesus come back to earth.

That was Christmas forty years ago. It is, perhaps, no different now for the children, for the Grandpas and Grandmas, for the aunts and the uncles and other kin with their hearts momentarily contented. . . .The scene surely is meaningful to people of all other faiths also. Thus this issue of FELLOWSHIP IN PRAYER celebrates Christmas for everyone—for all the aunts and uncles and strangers in other lands, other civilizations, where other gods have appeared.

MEMENTO MEI MATER DEI REGINA CELI LETARE

THE LIGHT OF THE WORLD

Mark Halpern

Had it not been for the Light of Truth given to humanity two thousand years ago, it is doubtful whether man would have had sufficient illumination to continue on the upward path without losing his way. Man needed that Light in the Dark Ages. He has desperately needed it these last decades. And he needs that Light now, in this fateful hour of human testing, as never before. Not just light, or even a great light; but the Light of the World who was born in Bethlehem.

Ah, and is it any wonder that the soul of humanity is calling as never before for the radiant Healer of Galilee.... For was it not he, the Master of Infinite Love, that came out of Nazareth to teach men that they are Immortal Souls and the Sons of God! Was it not he, for whose understanding heart of boundless compassion the world itself is all too small, who showed by the example of his Supreme Sacrifice that death is not to be feared, because the soul of man is deathless! Was it not he; the great World Teacher, who pointed out the Kingdom of Heaven as being within man himself, and that it could be entered through a life of Selfless Service....

Yes, it was he, the selfless Christ, who gave man the courage and confidence to forge ever upward on the Path of Life. Instead of calling attention to man's human weaknesses and failings, he emphasized the positive dynamic qualities of the soul to realize its oneness with God and all fellow souls of humanity. He summed up his sublime ethics of Love in what he held to be the two great commandments:

...Thou shalt love the Lord Thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and with all thy strength: this is the first commandment.

And the second is like, namely this, Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself. There is none other commandment greater than these....

Thus did the Christ strike the keynote, in the latter of the two great commandments, of Right Human Relations—the keynote of the New Age of Goodwill and Universal Brotherhood.

In every land and race, there are highly consecrated men and women who have made it their main business to live according to the keynote of the New Age as set forth by the Master of Galilee. They are not characterized by any sanctimonious display of piety of a holier-than-thou attitude; nor are they given to criticism or condemnation of their fellowman. They move quietly and unobtrusively through life, serving selflessly all the while. They do not prate of the Master's teachings. Rather, they try to the best of their ability to *live* those teachings.

Today the heart of humanity is throbbing with intimations of an imminent Glorious Event—the coming of a Great Shining One, an Avatar, to lead man into the New Age of Lasting Peace and Goodwill unto all! In short, the tidings have gone forth into the consciousness of humanity, that the Light of the World, the Christ, will again walk the earth with man; and lead the peoples of all races, creeds, and colors into the New Era of Peaceful Unity and Right Human Relations.

No wonder man dares to hope that at last the long travail of his soul is about to end. At last the harmony and abiding peace he has longed for through the restless ages of his earthly history, is about to be his. For did not the Master give his sacred word, "I will come again." And, further, did he not say, "...Lo, I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world...."

Yes, the Christ has indeed been with mankind all through these past two thousand years. He has been the one true Eternal Friend who has never deserted any of us for even a single instant. Nay, not even though we have mocked his lofty ethics of Selfless Love; have tortured, exploited, persecuted and killed one another—and thus crucified him anew each day ever since he made the Supreme Sacrifice for us all.

Today the heart of man, and even nature itself, sings with the joyous expectancy of the Great Master's coming. Again there is visible in the heavens of human destiny the star of mankind's highest hope, the star of Bethlehem, bright harbinger of the reappearance of the Light of the World!

People no longer wonder *whether* he will come—they only wonder *how soon* he will come. To that universal question, there can be only one answer: the Great Master of Love and Compassion will reappear on the world-scene when far greater numbers of mankind than at present, have begun to show forth the Christly ethics of selfless Living and Right Human Relations.

Man is no longer in his swaddling clothes. We cannot remain forever inert and effortless in our selfish indulgence of old separative tendencies. We cannot retain our puerile prejudices and antagonisms, and expect the Christ to reappear suddenly and *alone* put our house in order for us. We must at least meet him half-way by our expressed sincerity of purposeful living according to Spiritual Values. We must manifest a greater degree of Unity, in the realization that "none of us liveth to himself" and neither does any nation.

Now, as never before, each of us owes it to himself, and to all humanity, to manifest Goodwill and kindly Cooperation in his relations with his fellow man. It is not enough to look outward and upward to the inspiring Light of the Christ. We must learn to feel His Presence within our own hearts.

It is the high privilege of each of us to hasten the coming of the Great Master. We can best do this by always expressing to our fellow man, of whatever race, creed, nationality or color, the Goodwill of Peaceful Unity and Brotherly Kindness. For the Christ is sorely needed to help solve the pressing world problems of this critical hour. All humanity is waiting for his reappearance...waiting hopefully for him who is the Light of the World!....

THE FIR TREE

My marching armies clothe the mountainsides,
In dark and restful hues I dress the hills,
My spicy balsam spills
Its fragrant balm upon the mountain air,
But it is lonely there,
With only the high stars for company
At midnight, over me!
Only—there was a night,
When one great Star shone out so bright, so bright,
Dimming all others with its glorious light,
The night the little Christ Child came to earth
And angel voices told us of His birth!
And when the year brings 'round the day
When on the manger bed He lay,
Remembering Him only,
No longer am I lonely!
In warmth, and joy, and light, and laughing voices,
My yearning heart rejoices!
A glittering star shines on my topmost bough,
My branches bend with gay and shining toys
For merry girls and boys!
At last I have fulfilled my destiny!
I Am A Christmas Tree!

—Grace Bush

A Christmas Blessing

I wish you joy today at Christmastide!
The joy that shines within the Children's eyes,
The joy of lonely hearts, remembered still
In kindly words and deeds—the joy of home
Of lighted fires, and loving hearts that wait.
I wish you joy today at Christmastide!

I wish you peace today at Christmastide!
The peace within, the world could never give
And cannot take away—the peace that speaks
With still, small voice o'er the world's strain and stress
The healing peace that blesses and restores.
I wish you peace today at Christmastide!

I wish you love today at Christmastide!
The Day the Heavenly Child came down to earth
To bring His love to men! O may the hands
Of all mankind reach out in faith and trust
To circle the whole world upon this day
A brotherhood of Great humanity!

I wish you love today at Christmastide!

—Grace Bush

RAINBOW

Marie Transure

Exotic Bird of Paradise brocade
With Peacock's glowing colors blend
On an arched ban of polished Jade.

A LAMB OF GOD

Phyllis Malone

An airliner with a full passenger list had crashed into a deep lake in Louisana. All such accidents are investigated by the Bureau of Safety, United States government. The investigating team went to work immediately. It was their job to recover all portions of airplane parts from the lake to determine the cause of the accident. Frank Malone was a member of this team.

Prior to this job, Mr. Malone had seen two decades of military service. He retired as an air force pilot with a total of six thousand flying hours. His

years of experience had taught him that regardless of man's selfish inner being, there is a dormant area of a man's heart that hungers after righteousness.

For the purpose of indentification, a trawler and crew were engaged in the task of searching the lake. This was done by dragging the lake with huge steel nets for twenty-four hour periods until the job was finished. Mr. Malone was aboard this trawler for six days.

The ship's crew had spent most of their lives close to the sea. Their language, their expressed thoughts, and their actions were a different product from that of the average man found on the race tract of life. These men had been working steadily with only a limited amount of sleep. The longer they worked without sufficient rest, the more disrespect they felt and showed for each other. Recovering the aircraft was one momentous undertaking, but to disentangle bodies from the destroyed airliner was a bleak and dismal duty.

The evening of the third day a section of the plane was raised and they began the job of separating the remains from the demolished tail section. One of the crew suddenly called for assistance. He was a man, who the past few days had seemed particularly sullen and even arrogant. He had striven to inflict wrath on the others without a motive. He seemed to find a certain sadistic joy in making a personal enemy of everyone on board. Now he needed help in removing the body of a small child from the wreckage. A sudden hush came over those aboard the ship. The man in question gently lifted the child's body. He turned to those around him, his windburned face etched with despair, and made a statement that brought tears to the eyes of every man present. His utterance compelled every heart to silently cry with mixed emotions. His assertion was spoken with a suppressed tenderness as he held the child in the crook of his arm and said, "a lamb of God."

WAITING YOUNG AND EAGER HANDS

It seems that I was barely five—you, too—
and your name too was Clara. Strange how long
ago it was, yet now I see us wading
in the icy water from our spring,
squealing, at first, then prancing in and out—
unbearable delight! We scattered crawfish,
gathered shimmering pebbles, built our marble
castles out of piled-up coral pink,
ebony and milky-white, golden yellow...
castles on the border wall of sturdy
rock, moss-covered, waiting young and eager
hands.

But once, and suddenly, you were
not there (a Saturday, the day your mamma
always scrubbed our floors). I missed you, called,
"Clara! Clara!"; and when you did not come,
ran panting and breathless up to the kitchen door
(you had not heard me call). I saw your hot
face dripping wet, your small feet standing in
soapsuds on the floor (O Clara, Clara); you
were scrubbing, scrubbing your shining black legs.
My heart pounds now as when you raised your eyes to mine.
At five I had no way of knowing what
my white man's world could do to you. Oh, take
my hand; build we better castles now.

—*Clara Sargent Mainwaring*

INVISIBLE

Mildred Long

Pain is invisible. It pulses through
Sinews and bones but leaves no sign,
Like changing wind that comes and goes
With no intrinsic design.

Grief is invisible, being felt
But seldom seen. It tears apart
The threads of quietness and peace
And leaves a wounded heart.

Spirit is invisible. Where
Within does the hidden power reside?
It transmutes pain and grief, and we
Are healed and satisfied.

THE DEVELOPING SYNTHESIS OF RELIGION AND SCIENCE

Roland Gammon

For so my Spirit was an endless sphere,
Like God Himself, and heaven and earth were there.

Thomas Traherne

The Cosmic religious experience is the strongest and noblest mainspring of scientific research.

Albert Einstein

Science is helping to put a face on God.

Wernher von Braun

What we need is Nature permeated through and through by Spirit, spirit creative in the sphere of nature. For spirit and nature are one, and they will weave into living unity once more Religion, Art and Science.

Rudolph Steiner

Today dare we say that western science supports the eastern prophets? Today does the message coming to us from the forward frontiers of nuclear physics, depth psychology, organic biology, quasar astronomy, higher mathematics and psychical research square with the vision of the ancients and the revelation of our own souls? I would answer with a faith-heartening "yes." *The truth of the scientists, the prophets and our deepest selves is one.*

Twentieth century science has reinstated the metaphysical in man and in nature. Mind or Spirit (viewed traditionally as the conscious element in the universe or the infinite life-principle pervading man, nature and the Cosmos) today may be said to be the non-material ground from which the phenomenal world emerges. The universe which hitherto presented itself to us in three aspects—matter and energy, life and its myriad forms and man and his works on earth—is now affirmed by science to be metaphysical or supraphysical and its so-called causal origins and actions to derive from the ideal or mental world. Thus, as the American sage Ernest Holmes suggests, "The law of Mind in action is the final law of the universe—which science now is beginning to accept." And, an even greater American prophet than Holmes, the immortal Ralph Waldo Emerson could write more than 100 years ago, "Man's mind rends the thin rinds of the visible and finite; we lie open on one side to the deeps of spiritual Nature."

The greatest achievements in modern science, associated with the names of such men as James C. Maxwell, Max Planck, Arthur Rutherford, Robert Millikan, Albert Einstein, Nils Bohr, Erwin Schrodinger and Sir James Jeans have thoroughly established the validity of the deductive "pure thought" method and have verified the reality and ultimate supremacy of the non-material, inter-penetrating force fields behind all phenomenal appearance. That which is most lawful and regular in nature, it now may be said, is found in its non-material or mental groundwork.

So, the everyday manifest world now shows an infinite, invisible spiritual side which undergirds and unites all that we have known so long through the senses. Pure thought in science and pure thought in religion, merging in an intuitive concept which reveals the integral order of nature, now postulates a world in which ineffable Power, Spirit or Mind is the only "substance." Our conception of evolution, then, becomes that of

Mind seeking its ever-higher unfoldment and development. If, as the British author Cyril Upton affirms, tiny groupings of atoms support consciousness as we know it—plant, insect, animal, man—on our little earth, a greater consciousness can permeate greater galaxies and a kind of supreme consciousness permeate the whole.

Indeed, the "substance" of the dogmatic materialist has all but vanished into thin air, for he deals only with realities that he cannot see and knows only by their effect upon him. When we speak now of substance, we refer to a continuously renewed activity, a series of evanescent atomic "events," momentary creations from which our minds construct a world of meaning. The observer, in each case, must be considered a part of the phenomenon.

The breakthrough discoveries of the greatest Western scientists all confirm this. For example, modern physics has revealed atomic entities—the electron, photon, neutron, meson, neutrino and a score of similar evanescent particles—which hardly can be said to have any material reality at all and yet which form the universal substratum of our so-called sensual world. In other words, all that is most substantial in a universe of shadows now becomes the pervading, sustaining power and intelligence of an all-encompassing Absolute Reality which traditionally we call God.

Science discovers design, but as scientist Paul Sabine points out, the Designer always eluded the analytic method. Biology adds another unknown, Life, to the physical and chemical unknowns of Matter and Energy. Accepting the theory of the chemically necessary emergence of life, we must either allow the idea of purpose in the cosmic scheme—looking to life as an end product—or we must ascribe to blind chance a concurrence of physical and chemical facts so improbable as to defy statement in

mathematical terms. The origin of life is the most improbable event that could possibly occur in a completely mechanical world.

A scientific understanding of vital processes calls for the assumption of a property in living matter that is not included in the Newtonian concept—namely, a certain inherent inner quality which we may describe by the term "psychical" or "spiritual"—by virtue of which its behavior is conditioned by the anticipation of future ends as well as by antecedent physical causes. It is only by some such postulate that we can account for the presence of the evolutionary urge in an otherwise mechanically-determined world and rationalize what we can only describe as the purposive Mind that unites all life in a coordinated whole.

As Paul Sabine states in his brilliant book, *Atoms, Men and God,* "Newton postulated the existence of God 'who endures forever and is everywhere' as the metaphysical basis for his assumption of absolute time and space. Relativity leads to the necessity of a Universal Mind as the basis for a belief in the objective reality of that which is symbolized in the mathematical theory. The New Physics presents the Universal Mind, the expression of whose thought is the physical world, not only as the passive contemplative Mind, the matrix of the mathematical realities symbolized in Relativity, but as the creative mind endowed with infinite capacity for producing effects. We take only a small step when we pass from the universal Energy of modern science to God, the Creator, who said 'Let there be light.'

"As when one drops a photographic plate into the developer and sees appearing in the red light of the dark room the first faint vague shadows of what will become the sharp, clear image of the finished picture, so science today is revealing the image (still latent in human understanding) in the Mind of God, of a world of spiritual reality—a world in which the driving, restless inquiring spirit of man finds itself as a finite expression of the infinite

Spirit that moves upon the 'face of the deep.'"

Yet, today we must understand especially that this scientific postulate is the same Divine Intelligence, Creative Power or Universal Ground so familiar to believers of every world faith. For centuries, the seers and sages of the world's living religions have described the unity and ultimate nature of this Reality both immanent and transcendent to ourselves. Not only the formal leaders of organized religion but also such idealistic twentieth century authors, philosophers and theologians as John van Druten, Gerald Heard, Aldous Huxley, Martin Buber, Albert Schweitzer, Rufus Jones, Arthur Koestler, William Hocking, Lorend Eiseley, Douglas Steere, Paul Ramsey, Elton Trueblood, Jacques Maritain, Reinhold Neibuhr, Paul Tillich, Norman Cousins, Ian Stevenson, F. S. C. Northrup, Karl Jaspers, Vincent Sheean, Norman Vincent Peale, John Courtney Murray and Erich Fromm all eloquently affirm their exploration and experience of the same radiant reality known as God. "Truth is one," said the Vedic master, "but sages call it various names."

Long before the higher mathmatics, quasar astronomy, parapsychology, biochemistry, nuclear physics and spiritual science from which proof of the invisible metaphysical universe now comes, the presence of this Infinite Spirit or Universal Ground has been known by the prophets and avatars of old. Indeed, the truths of the major world religions and the revelations of modern science are nowhere in conflict.

"Because Brahman thinks, the universe is," sang the Hindu poet of *The Rig Vedas.*

"In the beginning was the Word and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. In Him was Life, and that life was the light of men . . . That was the true Light that lighteth every man

that cometh into the world," so revealed the beloved apostle John.

Nearly 1000 years ago, the Moslem mystic Al-Ghazzali could utter out of his God-given inspiration, "Split whatever atom you will, and at its heart you will find a sun." At the end of each canto of *The Divine Comedy*, the medieval Poet Laureate Dante celebrates "the heavenly Love which lights the sun and the other stars," and in early nineteenth century England the great romantic poet William Wordsworth wrote in *Tintern Abbey:*

"I have felt a Presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is in the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean and the living air,
And the blue sky and in the mind of man."

Now, to anyone who would believe enough to be great, the great religions still have a great deal to say. They all believe in Infinite Mind or Spirit as the indwelling Word, intelligible Light, divine Suchness within all of us. Indeed, every prophet, savior, and religious master, emphasizing as they did different aspects of eternal truth, united in stressing the infinite capacity of man. Whether Jesus or Moses, Buddha or Mohammed, Brigham Young or Mary Baker Eddy, the prophets tell us over and over again that we are gods, that we are children of the Most High, that we are one with the creative Mind Power that animates the universe. Listen to their immortal words:

"Behold, the kingdom of God is within you," said Jesus.
"I am the Great I Am," said Moses.
"I am Brahman. He who knows this knows everything,"
said Krishna.

"I am absolute Truth," said Buddha.

For thousands of years, the sages have told us this truth but we have not listened. For thousands of years, the seers have told us we were divine, but we have been too busy to understand.

Fortunately today the developing unity of religion and science—and the unprecented and unparalleled world community that is resulting—permits millions of human beings to learn about other countries and cultures for the first time. Especially the current radical changes in communications and travel everywhere aid the breakthrough in consciousness. For example, when in India during 1960, I again visited the shrines and holy places of the world's oldest faiths. As a student of comparative religions, I made pilgrimages to the jeweled Jain Temple in Calcutta, the storied Ganges at Benares, the Moslem Taj Mahal at Agra. On one winter weekend, I flew to *Deva Kota* or Mount Girnar's Abode of the Gods to interview the Hindu sage, D. G. Vinod.

Ushered into the seer's presence, I found myself seated at the feet of a burning-eyed Buddha of a man who served as spiritual advisor to Gandhi. Like all Brahmins, he wore a white sari shirt, brown saddle shoes and Sravana prayer thread around his neck. When our talk turned from war and peace and his soft-voiced vision of a new meeting of East and West, I asked him if he could summarize the wisdom of Hinduism in a single sentence or story.

"Yes," Dr. Vinod replied, "I'll draw both sentence and story from our 5,000-year-old Scriptures, *The Upanishads*. The idea of the harmony of all life—the unity of God and man—is the cornerstone of Hinduism. It is summed up in a single sentence, "Tattvam asi—You are That." And what is the "That,"you ask? It is what you Christians call Heavenly Father or Almighty God

and What we Hindus call Bliss, Knowledge, Existence Absolute. When you realize your highest self—when you are saved or reborn, as you would say—you, too, are That!"

Dr. Vinod glanced down at me again with loving eyes. "We are all kings, if we only knew it. As Mahatma Gandhi told his son, *"All that exists has its being in the divine essence.* It is the Real, it is the Self, and thou, O Swetaketu, are That!"

In Metaphysical Man modern science and religion meet. In Metaphysical Man—where religion's traditional "soul" and science's non-physical "psi" factor now are revealed as one and the same thing—individual men and women are rescued from society's faceless, feckless, dehumanized mass and restored as integral beings in a natural, ever-ascending system. In Metaphysical Man the Infinite again breaks through the finite, and God dwells wherever man lets him in.

This is a chapter from Roland Gammon's forthcoming book A GOD FOR MODERN MAN. *Other chapters will be appearing in future isues with the author's and publishers' permission.*

THE LAW OF GIVING AND RECEIVING

Harry Halsey Starrett

"It is more blessed to give than to receive." Yet for one to give, someone must receive. It, therefore, behooves each of us to be a gracious receiver as well as a gracious giver, thereby helping those who would be gracious givers to fulfill the Law.

And so, receiving is, itself, a form of giving; it completes the circle and makes giving continuous.

Through giving, we receive; through receiving, we give.

BE STILL AND KNOW

Margaret Casselman

Blest are these mountains
Gold robed in the sunlight,
With crystal-cloaked woodlands
That shimmer and shine;
Where feathery snow-flakes,
A-flutter since midnight,
Weave all through the valleys
In alate design.

Green is the galax
With reddish-bronze edges,
Green too, is the holly
With berries full red.
The little plump juncoes
Sway lightly on sedges,
With faith in the Father
For their daily bread.

Soothed by wind fingers,
The pines hush their singing,
New lambs lie a-sleeping...
All earth-sounds now cease.
For Christmas in splendor,
Comes silently winging,
Lifts skyward the spirit
White-radiant with peace.

GLORY TO GOD IN THE HIGHEST

AND ON EARTH PEACE, GOOD WILL TO MEN.

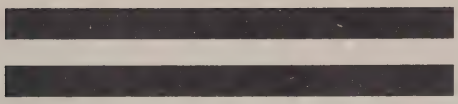
John H. Armbruster

Glory to God in the highest
And on earth peace, good will to men.

This the message of Christmas
Has echoed down the years
If only men would heed it
It would avoid this vale of tears.

We were meant to live in harmony
In the bond of brotherhood
Under the Fatherhood of God
Who is the Giver of all good.

In vain we strive to gain the world
If in the process we lose our soul
Let us give Glory to God in the highest
And make brotherhood our goal.



YOURS IS THE POWER OF GOD

Marius C. Thode

Common sense is a rare commodity. Before we can hope to enjoy the full benefit of God's bounty, we need to be frank and honest with ourselves, and with God. Most of the various religions which exist in the world were instituted by sincere men in their efforts to bring the people to God. When we think of the present chaotic condition of our world, we naturally ask ourselves why these assorted competing religious beliefs have not succeeded in building an enduring peace, and universal good fellowship throughout the world.

The reasons for this failure are many, and we can only touch on a few. Let us first consider that centuries ago the general level of intelligence of the populace was very low. We may surmise that the populace was for the most part little more than serfs. Their fears and superstitions were played upon to the advantage of those, more intelligent or at least luckier by birth, who sat in the seats of power. The earliest advent of religion was eagerly embraced by the people, for it gave them some hope of a redemption from bondage.

Understandably, the ruling classes frowned upon this intrusion on their authority over their subject people. To protect their own perpetuation of power they decided that this new doctrine must either be eliminated or they must plan ways to gain some control over it. Absolute autocratic authority enabled them to take over and exert their influence on what started out to be a simple instruction and education of the people about God. As a

result, as the years rolled by, those who later became church dignitaries took on the regal trappings of royalty, which the people respected as the symbol of authority. Man-made rules and ceremonial rituals were latched on to what was begun in the utmost simplicity.

Later, kings were set upon thrones in various countries, and political strategy calmed the people by telling them that these kings ruled by divine right. At least we have in our present day outgrown the farce of the divine right of kings. History tells us that back in those ancient days these rulers fought wars in the name of religion, and because these were called "Holy Wars" they were supported by a misguided religious fervor of the people. Our present higher intelligence has the right to question whether these kings were spiritually inspired, or perhaps merely sought to conquer and rule new territories. William the Conqueror was one of them.

Some of the manufactured rituals and religious customs of those faroff days still linger with us. Modern intelligence and common sense question the need for them. Many no longer respect or accept them or do so with private reservations. Too much of our theological preaching is not properly understood by congregations, and therefore is not instructive. It fails to convey a universal understanding of God and how the practice of prayer helps us to share in God's goodness.

The heart does not accept what the brain cannot understand. In our efforts to bring more people to God, we have overlooked the real goal, which is *to bring God to more people*. That can best be accomplished by genuine patient *teaching*, especially among our younger generation. When such teaching is presented in an interesting form, church attendance will no longer be looked upon as a boring chore. Once people become truly aware of what they

are losing by not knowing that daily talks with God can bring them health, wealth, and real happiness, human instinct will direct them to seek their rightful share of God's rich bounty. Only then will our world become the paradise God intended it to be. False leaders will then vanish from the scene.

Without question, diabolical influences are at work in these fretful days. We need to be a bit more contrary in our thinking before we accept all we read and hear. Let us ask ourselves: "Can I accept this as truth, or may it have been planted there to serve some ulterior purpose?" There are those who would have us believe that a horse chestnut is a chestnut horse. Now some have gone to the extreme of telling us that God is dead. Such falsehoods are slanted to woo the ignorant; but some of our own boys and girls are influenced by them. Then too, we have the long-haired, unwashed, dope-using hippies who seek any answer to their empty lives. An anti-God ideology made them that way. We have left the door wide open for it.

Let us take present day China as a modern example. If we dare to face facts we must ask ourselves why China after centuries of culture, was not able to withstand the anti-God ideology of false Communism. China has had a surfeit of religions: Confucianism, Taoism, Buddhism, Mohammedanism, Christianity. Still Communism succeeded in taking over. Perhaps the answer is that these religions were not cooperative. They were divided and weakened by the hypocrisy and bigotry of their own adherents. That should teach us that nothing (not even a victorious war) short of a spiritual renaissance can stop Communism.

Cato kept repeating and repeating: "Carthage must be destroyed!" And Carthage was destroyed. The leaders of Communism tell their dupes: "Democracy must be destroyed!" It is already being undermined, and it will be destroyed if we do not ask the help of God to preserve it. It is safe to assume that God

will not sit idly by to see His creation destroyed, once we let Him know through our prayers that we wish to have democracy preserved for posterity. There is but one reason why Communism can claim a degree of success. That reason is that Communism works harder for the goal it believes in than we work for the God we believe in.

Communism is taking the world back to the dark ages, when the few ruled the many. The element of time means nothing to them, and the general welfare of the people counts for even less. Ignorance makes the best soil in which to plant the seeds of Communist revolution. We have among us those who spread false propaganda and make glowing promises which they have no intention of delivering. Those who embrace this treacherous doctrine will end in the chains of slavery, which they themselves helped to forge.

Let us sit down in brotherly fashion and frankly discuss the danger which confronts us. We are all children of the same God. It has been said that while competition may be the life of trade, competition between religions is ridiculous. Good folks hesitate to speak of God to each other, because each fears that the other may be of a different religion or church denomination. We must learn to respect those of all religions whose fundamental belief is in God. No religion can truthfully claim that its stairway to God is the best and only one. Divisions in religion were definitely man-made and they offend God's plan for the true brotherhood of mankind.

Too few of us understand that while we must have the help of God to gain our desires, God also needs the help of mankind to complete the cycle. God never abandons man. It is we who become lost when we abandon God. There are some who doubt God and ask why God permits evil to exist. They do not understand

that God never intrudes on our affairs until we call upon Him in our prayers for help and guidance. Prayer, which is our only means of communication with God, is the strongest weapon in man's arsenal—and the least used.

Every child born in the world, is born regardless of race, creed, or color, with the Spirit of God within it. As a baby that child is helpless and needs the loving care of its parents. As it grows into adolescence it needs to be taught by parents and teachers how to draw upon the wisdom of God, and thus enlarge its opportunities for a successful and broader happy life.

No special ecclesiastical language is required when we talk with God in the quiet of our homes or wherever we happen to be. The most simple prayer is granted if it is sincere. However, we must have the faith to believe that our prayers will be answered and hold the vision before us of having received what we ask for. God will do the rest. Prayers which rise out of doubtful minds or prayers which may harm others are not granted.

If we form the habit of giving God three minutes of our time at night when we are relaxed to retire, and then two minutes again in the morning to start the day, we will in a short time discover that our lives have changed for the better. A restful peace of mind and a new feeling of contentment will be ours. I have practiced this for several decades, and it has never failed to bring beneficial results, including business advancement. We will find that God's bounty and goodness is limitless once we learn how easy it is to borrow from it through prayer.

No person can help you as much as you can help yourself. Nothing is so perfect that it could not be better. All prayers originate in thought, and the kind of thoughts we think determine whether we enrich our lives or just drift along with the crowd.

Prayer gives us the individual courage to carry out plans for self-improvement which the crowd dares not attempt. Ambitious thoughts (prayers) bring results beyond our expectations. Sour thinking makes sour people who lack helpful friendships. We reap what we sow.

The secret of the power of prayer is that God made man and nature. The phenomena and forces of nature and the God-given power of thought are ours to command without limit. Unfortunately they are intelligently used by only a few. We speak of the wisdom of the ages, but do not stop to reflect where this wisdom originated. Obviously, it came from God. The power and wisdom of God dwell within each individual. When we practice the daily habit of prayer we are putting our mental processes to work. We are rewarded to the degree of the faith we have in the unlimited bounty God can bestow upon us. As we continue to pray, shyness leaves us, and we discover that God is the only dominant feature of life's reality. "Whatsoever of good ye desire, ask and it shall be given ye!"

Because of divided irresolute leadership the people wander in a wilderness, hopefully seeking detour signs which will lead them to a promised land of happiness. If they would but retrace their steps and return to God, they would soon enough find that when they began their wanderings they left their happiness behind them. In all common sense, can there be anything sweeter than a spiritual homecoming to peace and contentment?

We speak of and hope for such a spiritual renaissance. It can be had if those who still cherish individual liberty and freedom will join in shoulder-to-shoulder cooperation, regardless of religious affiliations, to bring order out of chaos. Let us pray God to help us and guide us toward the salvation of the world. Now is the hour. Let us PRAY!

ON PROBST'S PAINTING "THE EMERALD CHRIST"

Peggy Oppenlander

In colors of sun
pine and emerald
this Crucifixion
was plotted on such a scale
within the frame
no room was left
for other ceremony.

The Dying Man again
took up his canvas and
precluded ritual;
look where a sun
of gold bowed down
the Head to all interment,
the Emerald, set in toils
of evergreen fire.

HEPATICA KIDS

Peggy Oppenlander

The hippies having possessed it
felt a part from their joints

having founted hair shouldering down
and over whatsoever levers they'd have
moved earths with

having (they thought Samsonly) unwrinkled
their foreheads and pulled temples down
all the disciplines of both sides and offsides

bared feet to rhinestones
bedded in mica sheets
paved apocalyptically the lapse of
every minicampaign

flowers, they needed no
pennilessness no loneness
no listenings except electronic
inroads, aired grass shawls
unloosened not at

the seams there were no seams
but sepals, trefoil, plots so weeded
they could not sustain
erect that petal member of members

fell oh impassive from this
drop out from drop in any time all time
past stone white
like backing fell in step step time
fell in step
Hepatica kids

EPITAPH

Carla Patsuris

The moth and the flame become one:
Flame of moth with wings of sun,
And a separate gray
Flutter of smoke drifting away.

ISRAEL

Carla Patsuris

Half-tree growing green
Half-tree dying down
Twin tree total tree
Miracle tree in a garden scene:

From such power
Of time departing
Yet remaining
Emerges the hour
When Genesis shall be
Green-jewelled in permanence
Oh Janus faced
Man-in-tree.

SILENT NIGHT:
FOR ANY BOY FROM ABERDEEN TO ZANZIBAR

Carla Patsuris

Who understood the timid hoverings of birds
And wove their happy syllables to human words,
Who looked as Friar Francis did on 'brother flower'
And walked where buttercups made gold-as-sun the hour,
Who comforted the pig and horse and pheasant-hen....
Adjusts his changing life to ways of worldly men
And sidles into solitudes to watch the crass
Unheeding crowds of Aliens who rudely pass;
Then scans the blue for one familiar pilot-star
To blaze a welcome sign as though from Zanzibar:
Oh Christians! Hear his warring pulses loud in fright
So like those other sounds across the world this night.

DIRECTIONAL SIGNAL

Pollyanna Sedziol

Star over Bethlehem shining so bright,
Give us that glory again tonight;
Star that guided seeking ones,
Invite us again to become His sons.

Star that heralded the Holy Birth,
Let us see our Redeemer's worth—
Guide us there as in days of old
That we may offer our souls to mould.

To worship Him there, a cradled King,
Is all I would need to make my heart sing;
Ask not what I want for Christmas this year,
It's only to see a sky quite clear,

And out of that sky a brighter star
Which will lead me to Christ from my city afar;
Keep all your tinsel, your trees and your lights,
Your gifts and wrappings and fleeting delights,

Give me a pilgrimage seeking a Child
And a guiding Star across the wild.

THE MEANS TO MIGHT

Alice Kay Rogers

One boasted, "I am brave, and power
is mine to force strong men to cower."
But mind and muscles allied to speak
in him who admitted, "I am weak."

The first man's threats were tossed in vain
at the second who folded hands to gain
divine defense; no man could exhaust
this strength—its Source is never lost.

NOTICES and COMMENTS

A VALUED FRIEND PASSES. We are saddened to announce the death of Miss Maude H. Brodhead on October 13 in Madison, New Jersey. Miss Brodhead became a member of Fellowship in Prayer in 1950 and was an Eastern Zone Advisor for many years. Her work in religious education and her professional contacts with churches of all denominations took her throughout the eastern, southern and central states. Thus she was in an excellent position to offer advice and further the work of FIP. A number of years ago, our Executive Secretary was closely associated with Miss Brodhead when she was Director of The Rockland County Council of Religious Education. Ill for nearly a year, she was a shining example of deep Christian faith.

GRATITUDE. The staff of FIP is very grateful to its regular contributors who have been supporting us with their work for years: in this issue, Mark Halpern, Grace Bush, Mildred Long, Harry Halsey Starrett, and Carla Patsuris.

NEWCOMERS. The staff is equally grateful to contributors appearing for the first time in this issue: Marie Transure, Phyllis Malone, John H. Armbruster, Pollyanna Sedziol, and Peggy Oppenlander.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES. FIP is published six times a year at the rate of $3.00. Special rates are available for additional copies and back issues.

FELLOWSHIP ADVISORS:

EASTERN ZONE: Mrs. Samuel Chamberlain, Florence S. Dustin, Mrs. Bennie Caroline Hall, Mrs. William Hung, Mrs. David W. Jones, Olga Lamkert, Georgia H. Marin, Mrs. Kenneth B. Park.

SOUTHERN ZONE: Mrs. Emily Sargent Councilman, Mrs. Arthur R. Kutch.

CENTRAL ZONE: Katherine L. Beech, Karl W. Frey, Mrs. David William Harris, Harry Halsey Starrett.

WESTERN ZONE: Mrs. Velta Myrle Allen, Aarno Davidson, Mrs. Zelma Dennis, Henry J. Gernhardt, Roy Wallace Thomas, Helen Dudley Young.

FOREIGN ZONE: Prof. Mohammed F. M. Awad *(Cairo, Egypt)*, Emilie, Lady Coote *(England)*, Neil Mellblom *(Switzerland)*, Prof. A. N. Molina *(Philippines)*, S. R. Shafaq *(Iran)*, Dr. Teh-yao Wu *(Taiwan)*, Dr. C. H. Yeang *(Malaysia)*.

ADVISOR-AT-LARGE: The Honorable Dr. Marion Mill Preminger *(Consul General of Gabon)*.

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS:

Lillian Wade Koerner, Mildred Long, Francis Merchant, Carla Patsuris, Swami Ritajananda, Roy Wallace Thomas, Harry Halsey Starrett, W. J. Thompson.

TRUSTEES and OFFICERS:

William Hung, *President Emeritus;* Gordon Belding, Marius C. Thode, Edwiene Schmitt, Mrs. Thomas M. Taylor, *Vice Presidents;* J. E. Thompson, *Treasurer;* Kathryn G. Brown, *Executive Secretary*, Mrs. Samuel Chamberlain, *Trustee, in addition to above;* Paul Griffith, *Editor.*

Fellowship in Prayer
22 East 29 Street
New York, New York 10016

Date.....

I enclose $....in payment of a subscription to FELLOWSHIP IN PRAYER for.....year (s), and $.....toward furthering the work. May God add His blessing!

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY.....STATE.....ZIP CODE.....

ANCIENT ALLY

Jaye Giammarino

Hope is Christmas
Out of season;
Hope is asking
God for reason.

Hope is strength
Reserved for grief;
Hope . . . redress
That gives relief.

"For a world united in prayer"

FELLOWSHIP IN PRAYER, 22 East 29 St., New York, N.Y. 10016